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The Mercury.

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THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1776, and is now, in its one hundred and forty-eighth year, the oldest newspaper in the Union, and, with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed weekly newspaper in the country. It is a bi-weekly newspaper, columns being filled with interesting reading—editorial, State, local and general news, well selected miscellany and valuable farmers' and household departments. Reaching so many households in this and other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to us.

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Local Matters.

Broadway Fire.

The building at 116 Broadway, opposite the foot of Mann avenue, owned by Joseph Bush and occupied by two stores and a tenement, was badly damaged by fire Thursday afternoon, the south side of the building being almost completely destroyed. It looked for a time as if more than the one structure was doomed as the fire was located in a nest of small wooden bulldogs which caught fire repeatedly. Owing to the good work of the firemen the surrounding property escaped with less damage than might be expected.

The south store in the Bush building is occupied by the tailor shop of M. Kravetz, and it was here that the fire started, fed no doubt by the napkins used for cleaning. An alarm was struck on Box 21 at the No. 4 Engine House and when the department responded the building was a mass of flames, the worst of the fire being at the rear, where there are a number of small wooden buildings in close proximity. Several of these were badly scorched and the little narrow addition recently built by P. H. Horgan to his building on the south was badly damaged by fire and water. Several times roofs of buildings some distance away took fire from sparks but the chemical company took care of them. The firemen had a long stubborn fight before the fire was extinguished but in about an hour after the sounding of the first alarm the recall was struck.

The store of M. Kravetz was completely ruined. The tenement on the second floor, recently moved into by Louis Lack, was badly burned and a considerable part of his furniture was destroyed. The north store, occupied by a candy kitchen, did not fare quite as badly as the others although at the rear it was badly burned and the stock was destroyed. The roof of the building was burned completely off at the south and rear.

Twombly's Son Drowned.

H. McK. Twombly, Jr., only son of H. McK. Twombly who owns a fine estate on Ochre Point in this city, was drowned at Holderness, N. H., Thursday night while swimming in the lake. The body was recovered and will be taken to New York for interment.

Young Twombly was 18 years of age and had just graduated from the famous Groton School, being prepared to enter Harvard in the fall. With a number of others from the school he was in camp in Holderness where he had been for about three weeks. Thursday evening he started for a long swim of about a mile and when some distance from the shore he was apparently seized with cramps. His struggles were seen and his companions hastened to his rescue but he sank before they could reach him.

Young Twombly was well known in Newport where he had passed many summers with his parents. He was fond of athletic sports and was a leader among his young friends. He was very popular wherever he was known. His mother was Miss Florence A. Vanderbilt, daughter of the late William H. Vanderbilt.

The steamer Mary, that last year traveled all the way from the great lakes to these waters, consuming months of time, to make half a dozen trips to Block Island, has at last found a location. It will make nightly trips between New York and Bridgeport, Ct.

Colonel and Mrs. C. L. F. Robinson observed the tenth anniversary of their marriage on Saturday of last week.

Trinity Church Sunday School held its annual picnic at Southwick's Grove on Tuesday.

Mr. William Burdick and family are spending the summer in Newport.

A Rainy Fourth.

Independence Day passed without formal observances in Newport this year, the city council having failed to make an appropriation for the day. Even had there been an elaborate programme arranged it would have been very much interfered with by the weather which was very disagreeable all day. The frequent showers damped the ardor of the small boy even, so that the day was not so full of explosions as usual.

Of course there was a very general closing of places of business in honor of the day, and many Newporters had planned to visit other cities where patriotism seemed to be more in evidence but the rain served to keep a large number at home. There were comparatively few strangers in the city and closed cars were run on the suburban lines for a large part of the day. In the afternoon the travel was fair but at no time as heavy as it should have been on a holiday.

It has been many years since Newport has allowed the Fourth to pass without at least the ringing of the church bells for a half-hour three times a day but this year there was no appropriation and consequently no ring. The gun sound of the Newport Artillery Company fired the customary salutes at the expense of the State and there were national salutes from the guns at the Government stations. Practically the only other formal celebration was the annual meeting of the Rhode Island Society of the Cincinnati which was held in the old State House in this city in accordance with the constitution.

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Injured by Lightning.

During a brief thunder storm on Saturday afternoon lightning struck at the beach and temporarily stunned three persons there, their condition being such that it was found necessary to remove them to the Newport Hospital for treatment where they subsequently recovered. Others were somewhat affected by the shock but not sufficiently to require medical attention.

Saturday afternoon there was a large crowd of strangers at the beach, a number of different excursions being in. A shower came up suddenly out of the west and all sought shelter from the rain under the piazzas and covered walk. There were several sharp flashes of lightning and then came one brilliant flash and a loud report which startled those on the beach. In a moment three persons were found lying unconscious on the board walk—Mrs. William Nichols, Mr. Fred Pickles and his daughter, Miss Ada Pickles, all of Bristol. Hospital Steward Caldwell of the Training Station hastened to the scene and directed the work of reviving them. Miss Pickles suffered from direct contact with the lightning and was badly burned and bruised as well as shocked, while the others were merely shocked.

At the business meeting the following officers were elected: President—Hon. Amasa Gardiner; Vice-President—Hon. James Varnum; Secretary—George W. Olney; Assistant Secretary—Hon. Charles H. King; Assistant Treasurer—Hon. George W. Blodgett; Chaplain—Rev. Henry Burton Chapman; D. Standing Executive Committee to General Society—Hon. Amasa Gardiner; Delegates to General Society—Hon. James Varnum, Dr. John Sullivan, W. D. King, Dr. S. H. Shattuck and G. W. Olney; Alternates—Edward T. Moore, Green, Hon. C. W. Lippitt, Henry Jackson Brightman, Hon. William Watts Sherman; Committee on Publication of Register—Hon. J. M. Varnum, Dr. J. Sullivan, W. D. King, Henry Russell Brown, W. W. Sherman, Charles Howland Russell, Rev. Daniel Goodwin, G. W. Olney.

The following hereditary members were elected: Rev. M. Dwight, D. D., President of the New York Genealogical and Biographical Society; Col. C. L. F. Robinson of Newport; Dr. Walter Channing of Boston; Dr. Henry Patterson Loon of New York; Louis L. Lorillard of Newport; Wheaton Beaufort of Vineyard, N. J.; Samuel E. Parker of New York; Dr. George Thurston Parker of Providence; Frederick Hills Hitchcock of New York; Rev. William H. Benjamins, D. D., of Irvington; N. Y.; Prof. George Pierce Baker of Harvard University; John Clarke Sloane, C. E., of Chicago; Marquis de Chambrun of France; Atwood Violett of New York and Cornelius Vanderbilt of New York.

To honorary membership there were elected Hon. George Herbert Utter, Governor of Rhode Island, and Rev. William Brenton Greene, Jr., of Princeton University.

In the evening the annual dinner of the society was held at the Newport Casino with a large attendance. There was a formal list of toasts, the speakers including Governor George H. Utter, Rev. Daniel Goodwin, D. D., M. Des Portes de la Fesse, Lieutenant General Nelson A. Miles, U. S. A., Rear Admiral Washburn Maynard, U. S. N., Edward McGregor, Mayor Robert C. Cottrell, Thomas Redfield Proctor, Rev. Melathus Dwight, D. D., Hon. William P. Sheilds, Jr., and Hon. L. B. Prince, LL. D.

A man who gave the name of Harold G. Prouty has been arrested by the police of Laconia, N. H., on a charge of swindling the merchants of that town. It is believed that he is the man who operated in Newport a short time ago and succeeded in getting away with some of the hard-earned cash of local business men under the name of Huut. He will probably not be brought back to this State as he is wanted in a number of other places besides the place where he is held.

Rev. Joseph J. Woolley, pastor of the Park Place Congregational Church of Pawtucket, died at the City Hospital, Holyoke, Mass., on Sunday afternoon, following an operation for appendicitis, which was performed a few days before. He was well known in Newport, being a prominent citizen of Rhode Island.

Rear Admiral Charles W. Thomas, U. S. N., left the past week for an inspection trip to the Naval Training Station, San Francisco, Cal. Lieutenant Commander Henry A. Wiley, U. S. N., executive officer at the Training Station accompanied him as aide.

Mr. F. H. Caswell, physical director of the local Y. M. C. A., has gone to Cambridge, Mass., to the Harvard summer school for physical director. Mr. William Pitman will also enter the same school.

The storm of Saturday interfered greatly with the fishermen and consequently few fish were brought in during the first part of the week. There were no scup or mackerel shipments.

Ex

A Captain In the Ranks

By...
GEORGE
CARY
EGGLESTON

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CHAPTER XXVIII.

The next half hour was spent, as Barbara expressed it, in "perfecting the guess" she had made.

"Tandy has gone into that Memphis and Ohio river enterprise up to his eyes," said Duncan. "Naturally he has got his controlling interest in it at an extremely low price as compared with the face value of the stock and bonds, for the reason that the road ends at Paducah, which is much the same thing as ending nowhere."

"But if he can succeed in diverting our line to Paducah instead of Cairo, thus securing an entirely satisfactory connection north and east, his Memphis and Ohio road will become part of one of the greatest trunk lines in this part of the country, and the advance in his stock and bond holdings will make him one of the richest men in the west."

"That is what I was thinking, Gifford, but I hardly dared suggest it, I know so little. I didn't know that it would be possible to change our line. I thought that maybe its charter compelled it to run to Cairo."

"No, unfortunately it doesn't. Tandy secured the charter in the first place, before Hallam and Stafford went into the project. I wonder," he added, with a puzzled look, "I wonder if the old schemer was looking this far ahead. At any rate, the charter, as Tandy had it drawn, requires only that the line shall be so located and constructed as to connect the railroads running east from its eastern terminus with the Mississippi river. It doesn't say at what point. That requirement would be fully met, of course, if the road should be diverted to Paducah, connecting there with the line to Memphis."

"But why did Tandy want that connecting line provision put into the bond subscription?"

"Look at the map again. Those two counties lie west of the point at which the road must be turned south if it is to be diverted to Paducah. If we fail to build across that county line by noon of the 15th of next March the subscriptions of both those counties will be forfeited. Then Tandy will step in and offer the company that is building the line a much larger subscription of some sort from Paducah and from his Memphis road as an inducement to shorten the line by taking it to Paducah instead of Cairo."

"That would ruin Cairo!" the girl asked anxiously.

"It would be a terrible blow to the city's prosperity. But," looking at his watch, "I must lay this matter before Hallam and Stafford tonight, late as it is."

Then, going to the little telegraph instrument which for his own convenience he had installed in Barbara's house, he called Captain Hallam out of bed and clicked off the message:

The milk in the cocoanut is accounted for. I must see you and Stafford tonight, without fail. Summon him. I'll go up to your house at once.

It did not require much time or many words for Duncan to explain the situation as he now understood it, nor was there the slightest ground for doubt that the solution reached was altogether the correct one.

"It's a deep game he's been playing," said Hallam.

"It is one of the finest combinations I ever heard of," responded Stafford. "You're a mighty long head, Duncan, to work out such a puzzle."

"Don't be too complimentary to my head. I didn't work it out," responded the younger man.

"You didn't? Who did, then?"

"Barbara Verne! She forbade me to mention her name, but I will not sell under false colors."

"Well, now, I want to say," said Stafford, "that you've a mighty long head, anyhow, to make a counselor of such a girl as Barbara Verne. It's the very wisest thing you ever did in your life and the wisest you ever will do till you make her your wife. Of course that will come in due time?"

"I hope so, but I am not sure I can accomplish that."

"Why, I had supposed it was all arranged. Why haven't you?"

"Perhaps I have. At any rate, the doubt I spoke of is not due to any neglect of opportunity on my part. But we must get to business. It is 2 o'clock in the morning. We've found out old Napper's game. Now, what are we going to do about it?"

During this little side conversation Hallam had been pacing the floor, thinking. He now began issuing orders, like shots from a rapid fire gun.

"Go to the instrument there, Duncan, and telegraph Temple to come to Cairo by the first train. Tell him to give instructions to his assistant as to the running of the line during a long absence on his part."

When Duncan had finished the work of telegraphing, Hallam turned to him, saying:

"You, Duncan, are to start for New York on the 7 o'clock train this morning. Leave your proxy with Stafford to vote your stock in the present company, and..."

"What's your plan, Hallam?" interrupted Stafford.

"To give old Napper Tandy the very hardest lesson he's ever had to learn at my hands. You and I will call a meeting of the company immediately and make Duncan president."

"But how are we to get rid of Tandy?"

"Ask him to resign and kick him out if he doesn't. But listen! We've no time to waste. We'll reorganize this company, making it a real railroad company to build the road instead of being the mere projecting company it is now. You and I and Duncan will put all the money we can spare into it and

allow unless a much larger working force could be secured.

He instantly telegraphed to Hallam:

Must have more men immediately. If you can send 200 at once, there is a bare possibility of success, provided weather conditions do not grow worse, but without that many men failure is inevitable.

Why not send all your miners here?

Hallam in his habitual way acted promptly and with vigor. Leaving Stafford to hire all the men who could be secured in Cairo, he himself hurried to the mines and by promising double wages induced most of the men there to go for the time being into the work of railroad construction. Within two or three days the total force at Duncan's command numbered something more than 200 men.

"We ought to have fifty or a hundred more," he said, "particularly as the miners are new to this sort of work, but as we can't get them we must do our best with the force we have."

After consultation with Temple he divided the force into three shifts and kept the work going night and day without cessation. For a time the rapid progress made gave Duncan confidence in his ultimate success. In that confidence Temple shared, but with a reservation.

"I'm afraid we're in for a freshet," he said. "The rivers are all rising, and the rain is almost continuous now. All this region except a hill here and there lies lower than the flood levels of the Ohio river on one side and the Mississippi on the other. If the river continues we shall have both rivers on us within a few days."

"Is there any way in which to meet that difficulty?" asked Duncan anxiously.

"Yes, possibly," Temple responded slowly and hesitatingly. "We might build a crib across the space still to be filled in and make it serve the purpose of a cofferdam in some degree. By doing that we can keep the work going even if the overflow from the rivers comes upon us. But the building of the crib will take time, and we've no time to waste, you know."

"Yes, I know that. Still, if it becomes necessary we must build it. I'll tell you this evening what is to be done."

For convenience and quickness of communication Duncan had strung a telegraph wire from tree to tree through the woods to the point where the work was in progress. He instantly telephoned Hallam, saying:

Find out and telegraph flood prospect. How long before the rise in rivers will drown us out here? Everything depends on early and accurate information as to that.

The answer came back within half an hour. Hallam telephoned:

Have already made telegraphic inquiries at all points on all the rivers. Reports very discouraging. Probability is you'll be flooded within three days. I'll be with you tomorrow.

The space to be cribbed, so that the work of filling might go on in spite of floods, was comparatively small, but the task of cribbing it, even in the rudest fashion, occupied nearly the whole working force during three precious days and nights. Worse still, in order to hurry it Temple made the mistake of working the men overtime. As an inducement Hallam promised to increase the double wage per hour, which the men were already receiving, to triple wages on condition that they should work in two instead of three shifts. As the work was exhausting in its nature and must be done under a deluge of bone-chilling rain, this overtasking of the men quickly showed itself in their loss of energy and courage. Some of them threw up the employment and made their way homeward. All of them were suffering and discouraged. But at the end of the three days the rude crib was so far finished that even should the floods come it would still be possible to continue the work of filling by running the dirt cars to the slowly advancing end of the temporary track and dropping their contents into the crib.

Thus the work went slowly on. The men daily showed more and more the effects of their overwork, for each was working for twelve hours of each twenty-four now. They grew sullen and moody of mind and slow of movement and of response. Every day a few more of them gave up the task, and Duncan began seriously to fear that a wholesale quitting would occur in spite of the enormous wages he was paying.

With his soldier experience he knew the symptoms of demoralization from overstrain, and he began now to recognize them in the conduct and countenances of the men. His soldier life had taught him also how large a part feeding plays in such a case as this. He therefore minutely inspected the out of door mess kitchen and found it in charge of careless and incompetent negro women who knew neither how to cook nor how to make food attractive in appearance.

"The men eat a good deal," he said to Temple, "but they are not properly nourished. I must remedy that. We simply must win this struggle, Dick, and we've only six days more. If we can keep the men at work for six days and nights more we'll either finish or finally fail."

It was Duncan's habit every evening to call up Barbara's house on the telegraph and hold a little conversation with her over the wire. She was thus kept minutely informed of how matters were going with him, and she was well nigh sleepless with anxiety lest he fall in this crowning undertaking.

Turning away from Temple, he went to the telegraph instrument, opened the circuit and called Barbara. He explained his new difficulty to her and the vital importance of providing better cooked and more abundant food.

The men have been living on mess pork and "salt horse" for weeks, and both the meat and half baked dough served to them for bread are enough to break the spirit even of veteran soldiers. Now, I want your help in earnest. If we can keep the men at work for six days more, we shall have a chance at least of success. If we can't, failure is inevitable. I want you to buy a lot of the best fresh provisions you can get in Cairo and send them here early tomorrow morning in charge of somebody who knows how to handle. Send one of my bank clerks if you can't do better. Send some molasses, too—in kegs, not barrels; barrels take too long to handle. Send eggs, butter, rice, macaroni, onions, turnips, cheese, and bacon, and anything else you can think of."

Duncan's first look at the progress of the work convinced him that it could not be completed within the time

allowed unless a much larger working force could be secured.

He instantly telegraphed to Hallam:

Must have more men immediately. If you can send 200 at once, there is a bare possibility of success, provided weather conditions do not grow worse, but without that many men failure is inevitable.

Why not send all your miners here?

And he did. Guilford Duncan, distinguished man of affairs, associate of financial nabobs, bank president and president of this railroad company, sat hour after hour on a log or squatting before an outdoor fire, doing his best to make palatable such foodstuffs as were to be found in the camp.

"It's a sorry task," he said to Temple. "The stuff isn't fit to eat at best. I wonder who bought it. God help the commissary who should have issued it as rations, even in the starvation days of the Army of Northern Virginia. The men would have made meat of him. But I can at least make it look a little more palatable and perhaps improve its flavor a little in the cooking till Barbara sends fresh supplies and some capable cooks."

"What answer did she make to you when you telephoned?"

"Hardly any at all," he answered. "She clicked out, 'I'll do my best,' and then shut off the circuit without even a word of encouragement or sympathy. I'm seriously afraid she is ill. You know she shares our anxiety, and she hasn't been sleeping much, I imagine, since our troubles reached a crisis."

"That's your fault," said Temple. "You've told her too much of detail. If you ever get married you'll learn to practice certain reserves with your wife—for her sake."

"No, I won't."

"But why so sure?"

"Because if I ever marry, my wife will be a certain little woman whose fixed determination it will be to share both my triumphs and my perplexities, especially the perplexities. Now, I've got to dish up and carve this kettleful of corned beef, and you, I imagine, might somewhat expedite the work of the earth shovels by lending them the light of your countenance for a time."

Duncan had scarcely finished the dishing up of the unsavory corned beef, the only merit of which was that it was sufficiently cooked, when a dispatch came to him from the New York Lunkers whom he had left in charge of the company's interests in the financial capital. They telegraphed:

Tandy reports that you have completely failed to build across county line. The others give notice that, if so, they will defect road to Paducah. Tandy offers subscriptions of vast sum from counties, towns, Paducah and his Memphis and Ohio road. What answer shall we give?

Answer by telegraph.

This message acted like an electric shock. It quickened every pulse of Duncan's being. It saved him to new endeavor and renewed determination. He promptly replied:

Tell them to wait till time is up. They have given their promise, and I have given mine. I will keep mine. They must keep theirs. Tell them I'm not dead yet.

Then Duncan went to inspect the progress of the work.

CHAPTER XXX.

It was after 7 o'clock and darkness had completely fallen when Barbara received Guilford Duncan's telegraphic appeal for help "in earnest." She wasted no time—slow operator that she was on the telegraph—in sending messages of sympathy and reassurance. She laboriously spelled out the words, "I'll do my best," and closed the instrument in order that she might attend to more pressing things than telegraphic chattering.

She summoned her negro boy Bob to serve as her protector and promptly saffled forth into the night. The great groceries known as "bont stores" were accustomed to be open very late at night. But the clerks were full of curiosity when Barbara, escorted only by the negro serving boy, presented herself and began rattling off orders greater in volume than any they had ever received, even from the steward of an overcrowded passenger steamer. She began by ordering forty sugar cured hams and four hind quarters of beef. She followed up these purchases with orders for four kegs of molasses, six boxes of macaroni, a barrel of rice and so on through her list. Still more to the astonishment of the clerks, she gave scarcely a moment to the pricing of the several articles and seemed to treat her purchases as matters of ordinary detail. They began to understand, however, when she ordered the goods sent that night by express to that station on the Illinois Central railroad which lay nearest the scene of Guilford Duncan's operations and directed that the bill be sent to him at the X National bank for payment.

Barbara made short work of her buying. When it was done she hurried home and packed a small trunk with some simple belongings of her own.

At 7 o'clock the next morning, accompanied by the negro boy Robert, she took the train and before noon found herself at the little station to which she had ordered the freight sent. She was disappointed to find that, although she had ordered the goods sent by express, they had not come by the train on which she had traveled.

The railroad was run by telegraphic orders in those days, and so, even at this small station, there were an instrument and an operator. Making use of these, Barbara inquired concerning the freight and was assured of its arrival by a train due at 4 o'clock.

She spent the intervening time in securing two wagons with four stout horses to each, and when the freight came it was loaded upon these with particular care, so that no accidents might occur to delay the journey. If the roads had been even tolerably good one of the wagons might have carried the load perhaps, but the roads were exceedingly bad, and Barbara was not minded to take any risks.

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TO SNUFF VOLCANOES.

Starting Discovery Made by An Australian.

Volcanoes can easily be extinguished, says the New York Herald. A New Zealand man claims (and there are many who agree with him) to have discovered a liquid by means of which volcanoes may be extinguished quickly whether active or threatening.

Many diseases of the human body set in the same manner as volcanoes. Pysopis, Rheumatism, Kidney Diseases, Female Diseases and many others all begin with a slight rumble of pain and distress, and if not treated in time will burst forth in all their fury, causing all who are so afflicted the most intense suffering and making it a complete burden.

That a liquid has been discovered that will extinguish these volcanic eruptions of disease, whether active or threatening, is not only certain but a material fact.

DR. DAVID KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY is this liquid discovery. THE WONDERFUL CURATIVE powers of this famous remedy have cut a new path through the field of medicine, sweeping with it a startling record of tremendous success.

Druggists sell it in New York City and the regular \$1.00 size bottles.

Sample bottle, enough for trial, free by mail. Dr. David Kennedy Corporation, Rosedale, N.Y.

Dr. David Kennedy's Magic Eye Salve for all Diseases or Inflammations of the Eyes. \$2.00.

A CAPTAIN IN THE RANKS.

CONTINUED FROM SECOND PAGE.

with the other wagon, rode back into camp. They had been obliged to abandon their wagon, wholly unable to make their way farther owing to the floods.

"Then we shall get no more provisions," said Barbara sadly.

"And that's a pity," answered Temple, "for the men's spirits have greatly revived under the stimulus of your improved commissariat, Miss Barbara. How long will your supplies last?"

"I've enough coffee, flour and molasses," she answered, "to last through, but the fresh meat will be exhausted by tomorrow night. The hams will help out for breakfast, but they won't go far among 200 men. I'm sorry I couldn't have brought more."

"You could not have got through at all if your loads had been heavier," said Duncan. "We must simply do the best we can. I still have hopes that we shall win."

"Oh, we must win, you know. You mustn't allow yourself to think of anything else."

It was 6 o'clock on the morning of the last day when the night gave its first intimation of a purpose to come to an end. In the slow coming gray of the dawn the torches still flared, casting long and distorted shadows of the work weary men as they continued their toil. During that last night the entire company had been kept at work in a last desperate effort to accomplish the end so vitally necessary. All night long Duncan had done what he could to encourage the toilers, while Temple had given his attention to such devices as might shorten the task or otherwise facilitate its doing. All night long Barbara had busied herself furnishing limitless coffee as an atonement for the insufficient food the men had had since her supplies of meat ran out two days before.

During the last half hour the rain had almost ceased, and Guilford Duncan had indulged an anxious hope that the skies might clear away with the sunrise, but just as the gray of morning began to give light enough for the workmen to see without the aid of the torches the downpour began again more pitilessly than ever.

Its discouraging effect upon the already exhausted men was instantly apparent. A dozen of them at once quit work and doggedly sat down in the mud of the embankment. Two or three others, reckless of everything but their own suffering, stretched themselves at full length to sleep where they were, too weary and hopeless now even to seek the less uncomfortable spots to rest their wornout bodies.

"Six hours more," said Duncan, looking at his watch. "Only six hours between us and triumph. Only six hours, and we must lose all simply because the men are done up."

"We'll do it yet," answered Temple. "We never can. Those fellows are done for, I tell you. I know the symptoms. They've lost their morale, lost



"May I spend \$2,000 if I get this job done by noon?"

the ambition for success. I've seen soldiers fall in precisely that way, too far gone even to shelter themselves from a cannibal."

For the first time in his life Guilford Duncan realized that there is such a thing as the impossible.

The simple fact was that the long strain had at last begun to tell, even upon his resolute spirit. For three days and nights now he had not slept. For three days and nights he had been wading in water and straggling in mud and exhausting all his resources of mind and character in efforts to stimulate the men to continued endeavor.

He was playing for a tremendous stake, as we know. His career, his future, all that he had ever dreamed of of ambition, hung upon success or failure in this undertaking, and now at last and in spite of his heroic struggle failure stared him in the face.

And apart from these considerations of self interest there were other and higher things to be thought of. If he failed now an enterprise must be lost in which he had labored for a year to induce others to invest millions.

At last this resolute man whose courage had seemed unconquerable was disengaged.

"Might as well give it up," said Will Hallam. "The men simply will not work any longer."

"It isn't a case of will not, but of cannot," answered Duncan.

Barbara heard all as she loitered over the fire of logs and busied herself with her tasks regardless of rain and weariness, regardless of every consideration of self. She wore no wraps or protection of any kind against the torrents of rain. "They would simply bother me," she said when urged to protect her person. Her face was flushed by the heat of the fire, but otherwise she was very pale, and her tightly compressed lips were livid as she straightened herself up to answer Duncan's despairing words.

"You are wrong," she said. "They can work a little longer if they will. It is for us to put will into them. Call them to the fire, a dozen or twenty at a time, for breakfast. I've something new and tempting for them—something that will renew their strength. You and Captain Hallam and Mr. Temple must do the rest."

A dozen of the men had already come

with their tin cups to drink again of the strong coffee that Barbara had been serving to them at intervals throughout the night. She had some time more substantial for them now.

She had by her a barrelful of batter, and she and the negro boy, Bob, each with two large frying pans, were making griddlecakes with astonishing rapidity. To each of the men she gave one of the tin plates with half a dozen of the hot cakes upon it, bidding each help himself to molasses from the barrel, from which for convenience of ladling Bob had removed the head.

"This is breakfast," she said to the men as they refreshed themselves. "There'll be dinner, and a good one, ready when the work is done."

The men were too far exhausted to greet her suggestion with enthusiasm. The few words they spoke in response were words of discouragement and even of despair. They did not tell her that they had decided to work no more, but she saw clearly that they were on the point of such decision. The breakfast she was serving comforted them and gave them some small measure of fresh strength, but it did not give them courage enough to overcome their weariness. The girl saw that something more effective must be done.

She puckered her forehead quizzically—after her manner when working out a problem in arithmetic. After a little the wrinkles passed away, and lifting her eyes for a moment from her frying pans, she called to Captain Hallam:

"Would you mind coming here a minute?" she asked.

The man of affairs responded wearily, but promptly.

"What is it, Barbara?"

"May I spend \$2,000 if I get this job done by noon? That's the last minute, Mr. Duncan tells me."

"But how can you?"

"Never mind how. May I have the \$2,000?"

"Yes—twenty thousand—any amount, if only we succeed in pushing that car on rails across the county line before the clock strikes 12."

"Very well. I'll see what I can do. Mr. Duncan, can you cook griddlecakes?"

"Happily, yes," answered he. "I'm an old soldier, you know."

"Very well, then. Please come here and cook for a little while—just till I get back. I won't be long."

Duncan took command of her two frying pans. A little amused smile appeared on his face as he did so in spite of his discouragement and melancholy. But to the common sense and sincerity of the girl there seemed nothing ludicrous in setting him thus to the un dignified work. Intent upon her scheme, she darted away to where the several gangs of men were still making some pretense of working. To each gang she said:

"I've got \$2,000 for you men if you stick to your work and finish it before noon today. I'll divide the money equally among all the men who stick. It will be \$10 apiece or more. Of course you'll get your triple wages besides. Will you keep it up? It's only for a few hours more."

Her tone was eager and her manner almost piteously pleading. Without the persuasiveness of her personal appeal it is doubtful if the men would have yielded to the temptation of the extra earning. Even with her influence added more than a third of them—those who had already cast their tools aside and surrendered to exhaustion—refused to go on again with a task to which they felt themselves hopelessly unequal. But in every gang she addressed there was a majority of men who braced themselves anew and responded. The very last of the gangs to whom she made her appeal put their response into the form of a cheer, and instantly the other gangs echoed it.

"What on earth has that girl said or done to the men to fetch a cheer from them?" ejaculated Will Hallam.

"Reckon 'Little Missle's' jest done bewitched 'em," responded Bob as he poked baiter into his pins.

A moment later Barbara, with a face that had not yet relaxed its look of intense earnestness, returned to the fire and resumed her work over the pans.

"Thank you, Mr. Duncan," was all she said in recognition of his service as a maker of griddlecakes. But she added:

"The men will stick to work, now, I think—or most of them, at any rate. Perhaps you and Mr. Temple can do something to shorten it—to lessen the amount."

Then turning to Bob, she said:

"Bring the hog, Bob, as quickly as you can. There's barely time to roast it before noon."

The men had nearly all had their breakfast now, so that the making of griddlecakes had about ceased. Hallam, Duncan and the young engineer, Temple, taking new courage from Barbara's report, were going about among the gangs, wading knee deep in water and mud and giving such directions as were needed.

Duncan especially was rendering service. As an old soldier who had had varied experience in the hurried construction of earthworks under difficulties he was able in many ways to hasten the present work. One thing he hit upon which went far to make success possible. That end of the crib which reached and crossed the county line offered a cavernous space to be filled in. It was thickly surrounded by trees, and Duncan ordered all these felled, directing the chopping so that the trunks and branches should fall into the crib. Then setting men to chop off such of the branches as protruded above the proposed embankment level and let them fall into the unoccupied spaces he presently had that part of the crib loosely filled in with tangled timber and treatops.

Gangs of men were meanwhile pushing cars along the temporary track and dumping their loads of earth among the felled trees. Duncan, with a small gang, was extending these temporary tracks along the crib as fast as the earth dumped in provided a bed.

This work of filling was very slow, of course, and when Duncan's watch showed 10 o'clock he was well nigh ready to despair. Under the strain of his anxiety he had forgotten to take any breakfast, and the prolonged exposure to water and rain had so far

depressed his vitality that he now found a chill creeping over him. He hurried to Barbara's fire for some coffee and a few mouthfuls of greatly needed food. There for the first time he saw what Barbara's promised dinner was to be. The two separated halves of a dressed hog, hung before and partly over the fire roasting.

"Where on earth did you get that?" he asked in astonishment.

"Bob got it last night," she answered, "and dressed it himself."

"But where, and how?"

"I don't know yet. He laughs when I ask questions. I'm sorely afraid Bob stole the hog from some farmer. I sent him out with some money to buy whatever meat he could find, for I saw that the men must have substantial food. He came back about daylight and told me he had a dressed hog 'out da in de bushes.' He gave me back the money. I'll make him tell me all about it this afternoon. If he stole the hog we can pay for it. And meanwhile the men shall have their dinner. How is the work getting on?"

"Rapidly, but not rapidly enough, I fear. I must hurry back now."

"I'll go with you," said the girl. "Bob can watch the roasting," for Bob had reappeared at the fire.

"But you can't go with me," replied Duncan. "The water's knee deep and more between here and the crib."

"It can't make me any wetter than I am now," replied the resolute girl as she set off in Duncan's company.

At the crib she studied the situation critically. She knew nothing of engineering, of course, but she had an abundance of practical common sense.

"What time is it now?" she asked after she had watched the slow progress of the work long enough to estimate the prospect.

"Half past 10."

"Then we're only an hour and a half more. It isn't enough. You can never fill that hole in time."

"I'm afraid we can't. I'm afraid we've lost in the struggle."

"Oh, no; you mustn't feel that way. We simply must win this battle, in one way or another."

Duncan made no answer. There seemed to him no answer to be made. The girl continued to look about her.

"Is it the end of the crib at the county line?" she asked.

"Yes, or, rather, the line lies a little way this side of the end of the crib."

Again she remained silent for a time before saying:

"There are two big tree trunks lying longways there in the crib. They extend across the county line. Why can't you jack them up into place and lay four rails along them without filling the space and without using any ties?"

For half a minute the young man did not answer. At last he exclaimed:

"That's an inspiration!"

Without pausing to say another word Duncan started at a run through the water till he reached the mud embankment. Then he ran along that to the point where Temple was supervising the earth diggers.

"Quit this quick," he cried, "and bury the whole force to the crib! I see a way out! Order all the jackscrews brought. Dick, and come yourself in a hurry!"

The two great tree trunks were quickly cleared of their remaining branches by the axmen. Then Temple placed the jackscrews under them and set to work to raise them into the desired position so that they should be parallel with each other at the track level, with a space of about four and a half feet between their centers.

As the jackscrews slowly brought them into position Will Hallam and Duncan, one at either end of the logs, directed men in the work of placing log supports under them.

At half past 11 Temple announced that the great tree trunks were in place. Instantly twenty axmen were set at work having a flat place for rails along the top of each log, while other men at fast as the having advanced laid and spiked down the rails.

At five minutes before noon a gang of men, with shouts of enthusiastic triumph, seized upon the dumping car which stood waiting and pushed it across the line. As this last act in the drama began Guilford Duncan seized Barbara by the elbows, kissed her in the presence of all, lifted her and placed her in the moving car.

"You have saved the railroad," he said, with emotion in his voice, "and you shall be its first passenger."

It was ten days later when Barbara reached home again after a wearisome journey through the flooded district un-

SUBMARINE REEFS.

How They Are Located by the Naval Engineers.

Prior to the nineteenth century navigation, except on the high seas, was mainly that of the Irish pilot who claimed to know all the rocks in the harbor. "An' there's wan of this!" said he as he struck.

On approaching land one needs to know how far he is from the lighthouse or headland in sight. Triangulation tells him. Two points on land being taken for the base of the triangle, lines from these points, representing the other two sides of the triangle, are drawn until they intersect. That apex of the triangle will be the point where the observed is. Then the distance from this point to the land can be easily calculated.

The maritime wars under Napoleon disclosed the dangerous ignorance of French mariners about their own sea-coast. French vessels were unable to break or run their enemies' blockade.

After peace was established Beauvais-Beaupre was appointed as the organizer and chief of corps of engineers to chart the whole coast of France. His work was so well done that the other naval powers hastened to chart their own coasts according to his methods.

The head of a rock may easily escape ordinary soundings, or lie between soundings. When covered by ten or more feet of water and unmarked by ripples or breakers, it is hard to find. Even when known it is hard to get soundings. The lead may glide over, it so that even in well surveyed waters some unlucky ship out of hundreds passing there may "find the rock with its heel."

Groups of buoys with grappling irons are fished into long sweeping lines and sunk behind the small sounding boat until they touch bottom, and are then towed until they strike a rock. In calm weather rocks and reefs may be seen at great depths from great heights in balloons. Even after a rock has been discovered, its depth and position must be precisely ascertained. Fishermen, too, help make known those uncharted rocks, rewards being offered for all new ones discovered.

England, the United States, Spain, Italy and other maritime nations have adopted French methods. Japan for years has devoted to the subject its usual minute, trustworthy and masterful study, but has imitated the English crowded and complicated charts rather than the artistic execution of the French.—*New York Tribune*.

Toilet-Toilet.

In the "New World of Words," 1720, "toilet" is defined as "a kind of Table-cloth or carpet made of fine Linen, Satin, Velvet or Tissue, spread upon a Table in a Bed Chamber where Persons of Quality dress themselves; & Dressing-cloth." A similar definition is given in Bailey's dictionary. The origin of the word is curious, for Cotgrave has: "See 'Tollette,' 'A toylet, the stuff which drapers lay about their cloths; also a bag to putt nightgownes in.'" In the "Rape of the Lock," I, 121, "toilet" seems used for the table and its contents:

And now, unveild, the toilet stands display'd.<

Established by Franklin in 1784.

The Mercury.

Newport, R. I.

JOHN P. SANBORN, Editor and Manager.

Office Telephone 181
Home Telephone 109**Saturday, July 7, 1906.**

An out-of-town reader wished to know how soon the "Prince George Inn" will be completed. The question is specifically referred to the next generation for an answer.

Considerable progress has already been made in the Thaw case, but it is safe to say that the prosecution will not be unduly hurried. A dozen lawyers are interested in the case and the Thaws have enough money to grease the wheels of justice for some time.

The morning edition of the Daily Tribune of Providence made its appearance Fourth of July morning. It came forth a full grown newspaper of a dozen pages full of news and editorial matter, and had the same attractive appearance as the evening edition. The energetic men behind this enterprise are giving the people of the State a good clean Republican paper, and we prophesy that their efforts will be well rewarded.

The new charter we were told before its adoption was to bring about the millennium; that hereafter there was to be no such thing in city affairs as party politics. If that is so why did a Democratic correspondent of an out-of-town paper send the following in regard to the registration just completed in this city: "The Democrats worked on registration for the city battle for Mayor and the five Aldermen who are to be elected under the new charter next January."

Rhode Island people are taking a gratifying interest in the matter of the silver service gift to the battleship which bears the name of the State, and the amount of the fund which the citizens are making up for the purchase of a gift suitable for such a purpose is constantly and rapidly increasing. The amount necessary will probably be about double that already contributed, but there is little doubt that the gift of the people of Rhode Island will be adequate.

The statement, emanating doubtless from Democratic sources, is being industriously circulated through the State that Senator Wetmore is not again to run for United States Senator, that he is to be crowded off the track, etc. Now these statements are entirely false and made only for the purpose of helping bolster up the candidate of the opposition party. Senator Wetmore is a candidate for re-election. He will have the Republican support throughout the State, and in all probability will be the only Republican candidate in the field when the election comes off. The people of Newport do not want to be foisted with these false reports.

As is usual with that party the Democrats are claiming everything in sight, and are imagining some things that are not in sight. The registration, judging from their professions, suits them and they predict a Democratic Governor and State ticket next year, as well as a Democratic General Assembly and a Democratic United States Senator. It is fortunate for them that they are so easily pleased and that they can have their period of rejoicing beforehand, for when the votes are counted next November they will show Gov. Utter and the rest of the State ticket to be chosen by a handsome majority, and a General Assembly elected that will return Senator Wetmore to the United States Senate for another six years.

The contract for the tunnel under College Hill, Providence, for the New Haven road has been let to McCabe & Biebler of Tacoma, Wash., who will commence work at once. The job will take two years and will cost \$2,000,000. The tunnel is nearly a mile long, and will run under College Hill and Brown University, emerging at the edge of the Seekonk river, where a new drawbridge is to be erected. Through trains from New York to Boston are to run by this route, thus avoiding the stations between Providence and Attleboro, and shortening the running time between here and Boston at least ten minutes. All the trains from Newport, Fall River and Bristol will also go through the tunnel.

The Hon. Hoke Smith, once Secretary of the Interior under Cleveland, is now Democratic candidate for Governor of Georgia. He publicly announces, if elected, that he will proceed at once to disfranchise the colored people of that State. He states in his letter announcing his candidacy: "I favor, and if elected, will urge with all my power the elimination of the negro from politics. Disfranchisement can be accomplished by legal and constitutional methods, just as it has been adopted in North Carolina, South Carolina, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana and Virginia, without disfranchising a single white man. If elected I would oppose with all my power the enactment of any legislation that would have the effect of disfranchising a single white voter in Georgia." There you have the boasted justice of the Democratic party. It will disfranchise the negro, but the ignorant white man shall have all the privileges denied the colored race. It is the same old Democratic party North as well as South. It would do the same thing in New England if it were in its power.

Washington Matters.

Congress's Adjournment after a Busy Session—President's Good Work in Regard to the Postal Scandals—Crop Report Exposure—Notes.

[From our Regular Correspondent.]
WASHINGTON, D. C., June 30, 1906.

Congress and the President are leaving each other in a much better frame of mind than could have been expected from their meeting last year. There has been a conflict of strong personalities and both sides have won their points to a certain degree while the public on the whole has been the gainer. The President has managed to force through certain legislation that he believed was needed and that there was serious doubt if Congress would stand. He has removed the postmastership from the realm of federal patronage and thus done more than any other President ever dared to do to antagonize the individual members who looked on these offices as the last remnant of the fast disappearing currency with which to play political games.

He has forced through the rate bill, and while there may be some features of the measure that could be improved and doubtless will be improved in time, it is vastly in advance of no legislation at all, and that was what was looked for a fortnight before Congress met.

Another aged Indian is Looking Glass, a Cheyenne warrior. He is 104 years old, and will soon be 105. He was with Sitting Bull, the great Sioux warrior, in most of his raids, and he has passed through seven Indian wars. He says that he does not remember just how many white persons he has killed, but that it must be over 100. His eyesight is keen and his hearing is excellent. He does not speak the English language.

Nancy Jacobs is a Choctaw woman 100 years of age, who lives in the woods near Autlers. She was a cook for the white soldiers during the Civil War, and remembers all of the big generals and commanders of the Southern forces. She has a married daughter 65 years of age, who lives near-by. The old woman has outlived three husbands and still does her own cooking and house-keeping.

Among the Apaches with the Colonel Cummings Show, there are ten or twelve women who have passed the 100 year period. One of the cruel features of the Apache home life is that when a woman has passed her period of usefulness about the house she is taken into the country and left alone by the roadside to die. The white people have talked the Apaches nearly out of this cruel way of treating the old, but in some families they yet believe that it is the right way to treat the infirm.

Grand parade circus morning.

A fair for the benefit of St. Columba, the Berkeley Memorial Chapel, of Middletown will be held at St. George's School, on Wednesday, July 18th. The fair will open at 3 p. m. The fee for admission will be 10 cents. Supper will be served from 5 to 8 p. m., tickets for same being 50 cents. Music will be furnished by the Harry K. Howard orchestra and there will be dancing from 8 to 10 o'clock. Drags will connect with First Beach electrica. If stormy the fair will take place the next day.

A GUARANTEED CURE FOR PILES.

Itching, Blind, Bleeding, Protruding Piles. Drugs are authorized to refund money if PAZO OINTMENT fails to cure in 6 to 14 days. 6c.

WEEKLY ALMANAC.

JULY

1906.

STANDARD TIME.

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CHURCH AND CLERGY.

The earliest English Baptists, it appears from the recently discovered Jesuit and Kiffin records, did not practice immersion.

The priests of the diocese of Pittsburgh have decided to give a joint memorial of \$20,000 to Bishop Cuthevin for his new cathedral.

A phonograph leads the music in one of the churches in Monroe, Me. Since its installation the house has been filled to overflowing and greater interest is manifested in the meetings.

Bishop Lins of Newark has served notice on theatty of the Protestant Episcopal church of his diocese that he wishes them to quit begging from merchants for church fairs and bazaars.

Rev. Dr. Baxter P. Fullerton of the Cumberland Presbyterian church of St. Louis has resigned to take the position of field secretary of the board of home missions of the reorganized Presbyterian church.

Rev. B. H. Bosanquet, vicar of Thames Ditton, England, wishing to profit by the popularity of the Thames Sunday boating, announces that the church wardens will be glad to reserve special seats in the parish church for those in boating costume.

BASE HITS.

Washington now regrets letting Congalton get away to Cleveland.

Pitcher Gibson has been given his unconditional release by Boston.

The Washington Americans have given Bill Wolfe his unconditional release.

Stone of the St. Louis Browns was the first batsman to make fifty safe hits this season.

Harry Davis of Philadelphia recently made a new record for himself by dropping three well thrown balls in one day at Boston.

Just when Rube Waddell was going right and when he was needed he got hurt. Waddell is responsible for the gray hairs in Connie Mack's head.

The young Maryland infielder Herzog, who refused to join the Philadelphia Nationals in the spring, has been signed for a trial by the York (Pa.) outlaw club.

The Washington club suggested a trade of Pitcher Patton for Pitcher Eddie Plunk of the Philadelphia Americans. Of course it wasn't entertained even for a minute.

COLLEGE AND SCHOOL.

President Woodrow Wilson of Princeton will deliver a course of lectures at Columbia university next year on "The Workings of the American Constitution."

Miss Benefiel of Cincinnati has been appointed president of the new college at Lynchburg, W. Va. She is a graduate of Vassar and has a doctor's degree from Yale.

Professor C. B. Schmidt has been appointed professor of railway engineering in the school of railway engineering and management which was recently established at the University of Illinois.

Frank J. Goodnow, Eaton professor of administrative law at Columbia university, will be acting dean of the faculty of political science during the next academic year, when Dean Burgess will be absent to fulfill his duties as Theodore Roosevelt professor in the University of Berlin.

GOWN GOSSIP.

In the silk materials for the tub the natural hue, the ecru, is by long odds the best.

Flowered organdies and lawns are among the daintiest and becoming wash gowns of the summer.

Kits are gaining vogue again and are used not only for mohair suits, but with equally attractive results made of silk and wool materials.

Extremely simple, but excessively smart, are the black and white checkered silks and gingham or voiles made with the Irish lace yoke and cuffs.

Checked, striped or flowered linings are used under plain, semitransparent materials, and often gauze linings of several distinct colors are employed one over the other, to secure the desired outer effect.—New York Times.

CURRENT COMMENT.

"Keep your money and your boy apart," says Senator Dolliver. That's easier than teaching them to stay together.—Washington Post.

It remains to be seen whether it will be the coal trust or the oil trust that will gobble the denatured alcohol industry.—Lewisburg Journal.

A Chicago engineer predicts that the skyscraper will soon be followed by the subterranean construction. That day should be postponed, however, until the New York subway is ventilated.—Washington Star.

Three or four years ago it was very popular to write about self made men, but it is so no longer. It too often necessitates an unpleasant chapter some investigating committee.—Topeka State Journal.

TRAIN AND TRACK.

There are 13,000 miles of new railroad lines under contract of construction at the present time in the United States.

The first American railroad was laid in 1826. It was three miles long—from the granite quarries of Quincy, Mass., to the Neponset river.

The valuable collection of old Turkish postage stamps which have accumulated in the postal palace at Constantinople during the last fifty years is to be sold and the proceeds spent on the construction of the railway to Mecca.

Little Nails Need Care.

Great care should be taken of a baby's finger nails. They are often brittle and should be very carefully cut, so that there are no rough places to catch in the clothing and be torn, as this is very painful, and it is a long while before the nail grows again.

Warning to Bearded Men.
"It is well that old men should wear beards," said a physician, "for when one becomes old one should be spared the exertion of daily shaving. But I would like to issue a warning to all beard wearers. I would like to shout 'Keep your beards dry' in a voice loud enough to be heard around the world. Were those words needed many cases of sore throat, cold and influenza would be avoided, and many deaths would be indefinitely put off. So many men with beards neglect when they wash their faces to wipe their beards dry! A beard a foot long demands a lot of toweling. It should be towed after every wash a good five minutes. Otherwise it is damp. The owner goes about with this damp thing upon his delicate and sensitive throat. Then, if he takes tonsilitis or influenza, he blames the American climate. There are too many damp beards among us. Too many men, washing their faces three or four times a day, have their beards damp and clammy a good three hours daily."—New York Press.

Maine's Female Warriors.

During the war between the states when it became necessary to draft men for the army a recruiting officer, Parker Mears by name, went to an island off the coast of Maine called Loud's Island. It claimed to be a plantation. As the boat neared the shore a tall, buxom female, the mother of several stalwart sons, appeared on the rocks and as the officer set foot on shore sternly demanded his business.

"After men for Uncle Sam," he answered.

She immediately began to peit him with big, hard potatoes, and they came so fast and furiously that he was obliged to flee to the boat and row away as fast as possible. Mr. Mears, when a little excited, stuttered badly. Relating the experience, he ended with, "G-give her po-po-po-potatoe-e-nough a-and sh-sh-shell t-t-take R-Richmond."—Boston Herald.

Earthquakes.

No prediction can be made safely as to future earthquakes in any particular region. If any conjecture is warrantable, it is merely that regions which are known to have contracted the earthquake habit are, on the whole, more likely to quake in the future than are regions which have long been free from seismic disturbances. No part of the continent seems less likely to be shaken than the Mississippi basin. Yet there were disastrous earthquakes about the mouth of the Ohio river in 1811-12. Regions covered with thick layers of clay, sand, gravel, glacial drift, etc., like much of the basin of the upper Mississippi, are less likely to suffer severely than those where solid rock comes to the surface, for the loose material acts as a cushion to deaden the vibrations which come to the surface from the solid rock below.—The World Today.

Wore Out His Finger.

There was a brakeman on the Colorado Midland railroad who years ago lost his index finger on his right hand. One day a lady passenger who had been much interested in the wonderful works of nature the brakeman had pointed out to her along the road noticed the stub finger. When the conductor came through the car she said to him:

"Excuse me, sir, but can you tell me how the brakeman lost his forefinger? He seems to be such an accomodating fellow."

"Yes, m'm, that's just it. He is so accomodating that he wore that finger off pointing out the scenery along the line," said the conductor.—Denver News.

Contracted Quarters.

The sort of conversation in which Martha Hackett often indulged was peculiarly trying to her cousin, Mr. Lane. "Martha's been here all the morning," said Mrs. Lane wearily at dinner one night. "She talked on and on about things that didn't amount to anything and were all disconnected. I endured it as well as I could, but it does seem sometimes as if she was wandering in her mind."

"Well, there's one thing," said Mr. Lane grimly, "you needn't ever worry about her going far if that's where she's wandering."—Youth's Companion.

Modest French Salaries.

Figures recently showing the daily salaries of certain magistrates have astonished some of our readers. The judge of the Seine receives, in fact, 8,000 francs (\$1,600) a year and the procurator of the republic 20,000 francs (\$4,000). But in the small tribunals the salaries are as follows: Judge, 3,000 francs (\$600); paid substitute, 1,500 francs (\$300); substitute Judge supplemental, nothing.—Paris Figaro.

The Age of Fishes.

The age of fishes is seldom measured by a definite period of years. Most of them grow as long as they live, and apparently live until they fall victims to some stronger species. It is reputed that carp and pike have lived for a century, but the evidence needs verification.

Needless Suffering.

"Tommy," said Mr. Tucker, laying him across his knee and vigorously applying a large and muscular paternal hand, "it almost breaks my heart to do this."

"Then why don't you let maw do it?" yelled Tommy.—Chicago Tribune.

Bad Luck.

"Do you believe in the bad luck of thirteen?"

"Do I? I was refused by twelve girls, and the thirteenth took me."—Stray Stories.

You may depend upon it that he is a good man whose intimate friends are all good.—Lavater.

Sarcasm.

Barber (pausing in the mutilation)—Will you have a close shave, sir? Victim (with a gasp)—If I get out of this chair alive, I shall certainly consider it such.

CASTORIA.

From the Signature of *Castorina*

SIRES AND SONS.

John Burns possessed the last photograph of Mr. Gladstone which the great statesman ever signed.

Extract from the Cleveland Almanac and Business Men's Directory for 1897: "Rockefellow, John; accountant; Morristown."

Baron von Speck-Sternburg has a grievance. Nineteen times out of twenty his name is printed "Speck von Sternburg."

President Diaz returned the other day from a hunting trip with three mountain cats and seventeen deer. Mexico's president is seventy-six.

Edouard de Reszke, who made a large fortune with his voice in this country, most of which he has lost, will try to regain a part of it by singing here next season.

Professor L. E. Hill of the Royal Society of London has demonstrated by personal experiment that he can live under an air pressure equal to that which would be felt under water at the depth of 200 feet.

George Eastman of Rochester has subscribed \$1,000 annually for three years to carry on the research work in photography at the Yerkes Observatory. The investigator is B. James Wallace, photophysicist at the observatory.

The three richest men in the national house of representatives are John E. Andrus of New York, William R. McKinley of Illinois and William R. Kenner of New York, with George F. Huff and Edward DeV. Morrell a close fourth and fifth.

President Fallières of the French Republic is a combination of farmer, lawyer and politician. In the forenoon he takes a health walk of five miles. When hungry he infrequently toddles into a bakery for a roll and eats it standing in the shop or walking in the street.

Yamada Noakuma, a noted Japanese philosopher, committed suicide by jumping into the crater of the Aso volcano. Thus he imitated, intentionally or not, the end of the Greek philosopher Empedocles, who is the subject of Matthew Arnold's poem, "Empedocles on Etna."

THE WRITERS.

Hamlin Garland, the author, has been compelled to abandon his trip abroad on account of ill health.

Jerome K. Jerome writes when the mood overtakes him, and has long periods when he cannot write.

John T. McCutcheon, the novelist, has gone to Europe and later will tour through almost every country of Asia, returning from China by way of the Transsiberian railway.

Professor Borden P. Bowne, the well known author, is traveling around the world and was in Bombay about a month ago. He expects to spend the summer in England and Scotland and to return to Boston about Sept. 1.

George Meredith, it is said, will write no more novels, though the complete recovery of his health and strength is predicted. Though both legs were fractured in an accident some months ago he is, when his age is considered, making what seems to be surprising progress.

HOME REMEDIES.

For a sore throat make a poultice of wormwood boiled in sweet milk and apply it to the throat.

When the eyes have a burning sensation bathe them in hot water, to which a little witch hazel has been added.

In summer much water should be drunk at and after meals and before retiring at night. Thus the blood will be cooled and danger from sunstroke averted.

To cure a sprain or bruise take a handful of sage leaves and boil them in a gill of vinegar for five minutes. Bathe freely with this and keep the part covered with cloths saturated with this remedy.

As a lotion for pimples obtain a quart of lime water, place in an enameled pot, add a teaspoonful of milk of sulphur and boil for five minutes. When cold, strain. This may be used freely, the eyes being avoided.

SCIENCE SIFTINGS.

Circles around the moon are sometimes large and sometimes small because they are formed at different heights in the air.

A Japanese scientist suggests that the radio activity of air may be due to the escape of emanations from subterranean regions. He proposes that the smoke from volcanoes be examined to see if this theory be correct.

When any one with normal eyesight stands at right angles to a ray of sunlight it is easy to see floating dust particles which are not discoverable with the aid of the strongest microscope. What is seen by the unaided eye is not the particle of solid matter, but the cone of light reflected from it and occupying a much greater space.

DON'TS FOR READERS.

Don't forget to return a book when lent.

Don't turn down leaves at the corners.

Don't leave a book lying face downward.

Don't handle a book except with clean hands.

Don't cut leaves with any knife but the proper paper knife.

Don't, when opening a book, be rough and pull the leaves apart too quickly let them open gently.

Don't get a book from the bookcase by the binding at the top; take it from the middle of the back.

A Different Complexion.

Maud—Did you say I painted? Maud—I did not. I said you powdered. Maud (reluctantly)—Oh, well, that paints another complexion on it.

A Little Different.

He—So your father asked you what you saw in me to admire? She—Oh, no; he asked me what I imagined I saw.

DAMES AND DAUGHTERS.

Miss Irma Shaw, daughter of the secretary of the treasury, is a great dog ancestor.

Mrs. Arthur Coke of London, who via Miss Hermione Drury, has been awarded by discriminating critics the title of beauty among the purely English brides of the year thus far.

"Captain" Clara Rose, aged seventeen, runs the schooner Sarah Waples, which carries bricks from Haverstraw and Stony Point to New York. Her father formerly was in command, but became incapacitated, and now the girl acts as skipper.

Mrs. Ida Sadler of Portland, Me., is the champion Jill of all trades. She has been a shoemaker, a shoe stitcher, a forelady, a dressmaker, a teacher of dressmaking, a portrait painter, a manager of an art company, a nurse, and now she is a designer and forelady in a firm that makes ladies' suits.

Miss Georgia A. Burns of Oklahoma is the youngest woman ranch owner in this country. She is owner and manager of 11,000 acres, comprising the Arrow Heart cattle ranch, and she recently leased for ninety-nine years 100,000 acres of oil and mineral lands in the Choctaw and Chickasaw Nations.

Ellen Terry was once asked for a testimonial for a hair wash. Her surprise was great when she received a portrait of herself in the character of Marguerite (in which, of course, she wears a wig with long plait), with the inscription beneath, "Ellen Terry, after one application of Miss —'s hair wash."

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Lieutenant Colonel Duff of the Salvation Army is a sister of the Duke of Fife and sister-in-law of the princess royal. Her position at the Salvation Army headquarters in London is that of editor of the Young Soldier and the Young People. She wrote some of the Salvation Army's most popular publications.

England's Rose.

The rose, the national flower of England, is symbolic of superior merit. It is said that this symbolism was popularly used as early as the war of York and Lancaster, generally known as the "war of the roses."

A Moorish Curiosity.

Horus of Axiers

The Custer Massacre.

An Authentic Account of the Famous Fight, as told by CHIEF "SHOT-IN-THE-EYE" Who Participated in the Fight.

Chief Shot-In-The-Eye, who is with the Colonel Cummins' Greater Wild West and Indian Congress, tells the following story of the battle fought by his tribe (the Sioux) against General Custer, on the Little Big Horn River, Montana, the 25th day of June, 1876, and he being an eye witness, denies that Rains-In-The-Face, or any other Indian, killed General Custer, as is generally supposed.

He stated that when it was seen by Custer that the Indians were closing in on his small command from every side, rather than fall into their hands as a prisoner, for he could see that no effort was being made to kill him, Custer turned his revolver on himself and fell by his own hand.

Shot-In-The-Eye says: "As soon as Custer fell, the soldiers who were not yet killed attempted to retreat towards a sheltered hollow near the point where Custer had first come in sight of the Sioux camp, but the warriors closed in on them and killed them rapidly until the last man fell about a hundred yards from where the first man was killed. The command having fought in the shape of a triangle over a mile of territory. Shot-In-The-Eye drew a map and says it was like this. He describes the battle in every detail, even to the location of the dead bodies of the soldiers and horses strewn on the hill.

General Custer divided his forces with Major Reno at the crossing of Rose Bud Creek which, by the way, we old friends still call Reno Creek. His idea was to hem the Indians in.

Custer never considered or even knew the number of his foes. Reno marched down the creek. His crossing of the river and his sudden appearance before the tepees of the Sioux was as much a surprise to him as it was to the Indians. His attack was weak; he was repulsed and his small command retreated in disorder through the timber, recrossing the river where they took up a safe position in the bluffs opposite the scene of the engagement, with but a handful of Indians watching a few hours until night. At this time the Indians knew nothing of the division of Custer's forces. When Reno took up his position in the hills, the Indians intended to wait until darkness set in there, attack and finish him by daylight.

At this point the Indians were surprised.

Custer's route behind the bluffs and down the river through the bed of the creek was longer than Reno's. It was therefore some little time after Reno had been pursued on the top of the bluffs that Custer's command suddenly appeared to the Sioux like an apparition coming through the dry creek bed to the bank of the river. The Indians were dumbfounded, for they thought this body of soldiers was the same that they had left under the guard of their young warriors pealed in the bluffs. As for Custer, he undoubtedly never knew of Reno's defeat or even of any engagement, the bluffs having cut off all sound of the brief fight. He seemed fearless of the Indians, although he could see their tepees extended down the valley a distance of over three miles. He did not know that the Sioux, in order to deceive him as to their fighting strength had crowded each tepee as full of young bucks as it would hold. This is why the White Historians estimate the number of Indians at "about Three thousand" when really we had more than eight thousand warriors.

It was about two hours past mid-day when all at once Custer's horses and pack mules, maddened by thirst, because unmeasurable at the sight of water. One of the mules, carrying nearly all of the extra ammunition, stampeded into the river and sank almost instantly in the quick-sand and was lost with its burden, which of course caused the fight to end much sooner than it otherwise would have done had the soldiers been able to get this extra supply, but the ultimate result would have remained the same. They could never have won, as there were many of the Indians who could not get into the fight.

After Custer had allowed his horses to drink he halted his command in a hollow which was protected by the intersection of the creek bed and the bank of the river, and there, with field glasses, he looked over the surroundings. He could see no signs of hostility on the part of our people but we had buried our women and children away from camp into the hills at the beginning of the attack upon Reno, and none but warriors were in the tepees.

We had not intended to attack the soldiers under Reno until dark, and no more would we bother this lot of soldiers until night as the Sioux knew that Custer had halted in a place so well protected that had he stayed there, he might have held us off for a few days. The Indians thought that this was Reno who had escaped from his entrenchments in the bluffs and that their young braves were following close to the rear. The Sioux, in order to get the best position, sent five hundred warriors down the river through the brush which afforded cover for them. They crossed without Custer seeing them three miles below and filled the ridges and high places full. A large number were sent across the river a short way down and hid under the bank of Custer's side. The Indians were now all under cover and lay watching the little command of soldiers. We could see the White Chief showing signs of impatience. Through his glass he looked the country over beyond the clump of timber again and again. We did not know what he was watching but afterwards learned that it was for some sign of Reno and his force which never came. This gave the Indians plenty of time for their warriors to scatter and secure the best positions around Custer's little command among the hills and bluffs, which they did.

About three hours after mid-day the White Chief surprised his foes so that they could hardly believe their eyes. He moved out of the protected hollow and naturally fortified ravine into the open of the exposed hillside and started his march down the river, the slope of the bluff rising on his right and on his left, at a distance of about a few hundred yards, the high bank of the river under which were concealed a mass of Sioux warriors. Just beyond the river were encamped more than six thousand warriors in their war paint. Custer, with that of his command, was sealed when he made this move, and all the Indians knew it and their hearts were glad for they knew that the coming fight would now be much easier for them. Custer was now marching into our trap and the Indians lay low and let him come on. From the time that he started until the last man fell there was not one minute that the entire command was not covered by thousands of riders in the hands of our warriors, with fingers on their triggers.

Custer seemed puzzled by the actions of the Indians, and after marching down the river for some distance he halted and fired across the stream into our tepees. This started it and our warriors under the bau raised and answered this volley by a deadly fire which surprised the soldiers that they fell back towards the peak of the ridge, the Indians continuing their destructive fire. Not knowing the danger behind them the soldiers turned and retreated up the hill-side (still on their horses), leaving a number of dead on the field. The Indians keeping under cover the soldiers had no chance to reply with any marked effect. They reached the top of the hills and were headed for the protection of the ridges and gullies at a gallop, when the Indians who had been concealed there opened a deadly fire directly in their front. Nearly a whole company was killed at this fire and the soldiers fell back once more into the jaws of the trap as we had planned.

One officer, riding a very fine horse, when the soldiers fell back burst wildly through the Indian lines and a number of Indians gave chase, but his horse was so frightened and fast that nothing an Indian ever rode could get anywhere near him. Finally, as he streaked it out across the prairie, nearly a mile in the lead, the Indians gave it up. Sitting back on their ponies they watched the officer and the horse flying away from them. They were greatly disappointed. They were amazed at the swiftness of the horse, but not half so much so as when the officer, discovering that he was out of the fight, drew his revolver and shot himself through the head. The horse stopped at once and the Indians riding up, captured him leaving the body of the officer lying alone where he fell. This horse afterwards fell into the hands of the soldiers.

Custer and what men he had left met with the same deadly fire in front and on the river side, were now retreating, this time down the second side of the fatal triangle. We drove them again to lower ground, the soldiers, who were very brave, fighting hard all the while. They now dismounted from their horses and walking, used them for cover as much as possible. They now reached the spot where Custer met his death. Here I saw the soldiers rally and make their last stand. The Indians now burst out from every side and swept down on the little band of brave men. They were at this time fighting hand to hand. The soldiers had expended all their ammunition and died fighting with their sabres. During all this Custer was untouched, and he must have known that the Indians wanted to capture him alive, as none of them tried to kill him. He fought until the Indians had closed in about him on every side and his men were all down about him, then he turned his revolver on himself and fired.

As speedily as it could be managed, a great sale took place, the stately home passed to a new owner, and the widow, with her daughters, went to live in a roomy cottage at the unshapely end of Twallingham, taking with them the oldest, plainest part of their furniture.

The two sisters had counted on being able to earn sufficient money to be able to keep their modest household going without touching the little capital which was to be reserved for emergencies. They were now finding out that nobody wanted their services; that their accomplishments were a drag in the market; that abler, stronger women, trained to work would be preferred before them; and that every advantage would be taken of their ignorance of the huckstering world's ways.

The climax of their anxieties was reached eighteen months after the father's death, for Alice was knocked down and severely injured by a reckless cyclist that she became a helpless invalid for a while.

Maria's curate was still working for a stony old rector, who begrimed him with very modest stipend, and affected to forget when it became due.

Maria began to look much older and plainer as the work of their small home devolved almost entirely on her; and the penniless mother spent most of her time in her bedroom, now shared by the ailing daughter, as it happened to be the largest apartment in the house.

"Mother," exclaimed Alice one day from her little bed, "leave including that old sheet and talk! There are ghosts in this room, who must be exorcised by human conversation of a practical turn. I have heard them slip and slide when the place has been very quiet. Talk about something, but not about our poverty. We can do that when I get better and find some paying work. Look here! You were a baronet's granddaughter, and have never made enough of your ancestry. Bring out old Sir James Affington's name more in your discourse with visitors!"

"Never my dear!" replied Mrs. Battersley, firmly. "His name would only remind people of that scandalous woman who was his third wife. Before now ill-natured persons have said she was my own grandmother—shame on them!—and have made me afraid to talk of relations. She disgraced your great-grandfather's name forever!"

"How interesting!" exclaimed the invalid. "Oh, mother, do cheer me up with the awful tale, and so make me forget my aches! She was called Lovely Betty, wasn't she, and became the most talked of woman of her day, the idol of princes, poets and painters? Began life as a tramp's child, did she not, and ended it as a baronet's wife, after dukes and all sorts had gone mad over her? How came great-grandfather to marry her, mother?"

"Because he was sicker than the rest," replied Mrs. Battersley, indignantly. "I never saw the creature but once, though I heard all about her. She was getting very stout, losing her beauty, and taking to drink; and she married a foolish old man to have home and behave exactly as she liked. Well, she drank more and more, spent and gambled, beat him and knocked him about if he expostulated—and then died in a fit one week before he did. There was an inquest, and scandal without end; and very little of the Affington fortune came to my mother, who was the second wife's daughter! So unfair too, that of three wives, the last and worst should make the title of Lady Affington one to be remembered."

The mother quitted the room, and the daughter was left alone. Though free from bodily pain, Alice was still feeble; and she feared that months might pass before she could get about again. She would have to lie there turned to her right, while on the left stood the large, old wardrobe which had been her mother's so many years.

Maria had warmly welcomed them, and insisted they must come in and see her mother. It was worth while, after all, to keep up with nice people who had known them in better days.

Mrs. Jay was one of those women who depart slowly, and her leave-taking had not quite finished—her husband, son and brother-in-law waiting patiently the while—when a loud scream rang through the cottage, followed by calls for "Mother!" in Alice's voice.

"But you will have a little more cake before you go?" her hostess said, politely.

"No, thank you, ma'am, I'm full," said the little girl.

"Then," said the hostess, "you'll put some nuts and candies in your pockets, won't you?"

The little girl shook her head regretfully.

"They're full, too," she said.

Pastels of the San Francisco Fire.

Mr. Charles Dorman Robinson, whose illustrations (one of them reproduced in color from the original pastel) of the San Francisco fire will appear in the August Century, has seen his home city burn four times. He was in the fires of 1851, 1853 and 1855, as well as in the much greater catastrophe of 1865. Mr. Robinson succeeded in making a painting of the recent fire when it was at its greatest height, on Thursday night from eleven to three in the morning. He painted thirteen pastels also, several of which the August Century will reproduce.

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Mr. Charles Dorman Robinson, whose illustrations (one of them reproduced in color from the original pastel) of the San Francisco fire will appear in the August Century, has seen his home city burn four times. He was in the fires of 1851, 1853 and 1855, as well as in the much greater catastrophe of 1865. Mr. Robinson succeeded in making a painting of the recent fire when it was at its greatest height, on Thursday night from eleven to three in the morning. He painted thirteen pastels also, several of which the August Century will reproduce.

Lovely Betty.

It caused a nine days wonder among the people of Twallingham when the news got about that Mr. George Battersley had left his wife and daughters so poorly provided for that they would be obliged to leave their spacious home, and live economically in some small house. For years they had, indeed, been a wealthy man, with an income derived from apparently inexhaustible mines and flourishing plantations in transatlantic regions.

Scarcely anybody cared for his wife—a dull, anxious-faced woman, credited with being very "near" in her own expenditure. Of the daughters, the plain one, Maria, was engaged to a curate, whose income would scarcely justify marriage with a penniless girl for years to come; while Alice, so pretty that her many admirers had been all supposed to be thinking less of the father's wealth than the daughter's eyes, was still free when the great change came.

One officer, riding a very fine horse, when the soldiers fell back burst wildly through the Indian lines and a number of Indians gave chase, but his horse was so frightened and fast that nothing an Indian ever rode could get anywhere near him. Finally, as he streaked it out across the prairie, nearly a mile in the lead, the Indians gave it up.

Sitting back on their ponies they watched the officer and the horse flying away from them. They were greatly disappointed.

They were amazed at the swiftness of the horse, but not half so much so as when the officer, discovering that he was out of the fight, drew his revolver and shot himself through the head.

The horse stopped at once and the Indians riding up, captured him leaving the body of the officer lying alone where he fell.

This horse afterwards fell into the hands of the soldiers.

The inquiry into Mr. Battersley's affairs showed that he had nearly spent the last of heavy legacies from relatives,

and that, while denying himself nothing he could fancy, and paying lavish

ly for outside popularity, he had left to his family the few hundred pounds he

had left over.

The Rev. John Jay willingly came

at his wife's request, gave Alice a few

cheery words, laughed at the idea of a

ghost haunting the premises, tapped the

walls, and finally gave the ward-

robe a good shake.

"Of course there is a noise!" he cried.

"It is Miss Maria's black bead necklace,

broke and rattling about the cup-

board, or the dish running away in

this old house will help these sounds!"

On being assured that no necklace or

spoons were responsible for the stir,

Mr. Jay gave a few more raps and

thumps, and then asked if his brother

and son would be allowed upstairs for

a minute.

The chaplain, the captain, and the

schoolboy having pulled the old ward-

robe closer to the window, Mr. Jay

announced that, from the inside, part

of the back seemed to be sliding down,

revealing a gap behind, which was ap-

parently filled with rags. A roll of

these rags being pulled out by the

schoolboy's daring hand proved to be

an ancient and much discolored pair of

corsets, of very large size and extreme-

ly heavy; and another pair then fol-

lowed, much the same in quality, and

with gold coins escaping from the

pockets in which they had been sewn.

The ladies screamed and shuddered

at these objects, and the quest now be-

came so exciting that the men soon

broke down the remainder of the false

bed which hid the rest of the treasure.

The famous Lovely Betty's private

wardrobe was laid bare. In three little

bags, added to the corsets first dis-

covered, were very many guineas. A

small bundle composed of a shabby

